

The Fall of a Western Editor.

When the first weekly in Washington Territory was established the editor, who was an Ohio printer, made a break in the first issue to establish his reputation as a dangerous man to fool with. He was surrounded by a rough crowd, and he realized that the proper thing to do was to put himself in shape to be sized up according to Hoyle. To effect this he led off with an article abusive of Colonel Taylor. The Colonel was an imaginary individual, and it was therefore safe to call him a liar and a coward, and to declare that if he ever appeared in town he would be horsewhipped up and down the streets. Every issue for two months contained a hit at Colonel Taylor, and he was accorded so vigorously, and the editor seemed so anxious for some sort of shooting match with him, that "the boys" treated him with that deference always accorded to a fearless man.

When anybody inquired who the Colonel was he was informed that he was a desperado of the worst type, and that he had solemnly sworn to have the editor's life. He was never exactly located or identified, but was always dared to come in like a man and have it out.

One day, just after an issue in which Colonel Taylor was stigmatized as a white-livered coyote, and defied to a duel with bowie knives in a dark room, a stranger came slouching into the office, looked about for a while with curiosity, and then said to the editor:

"Well, I'm here."

"Yes, I see; but what for?" was the reply.

"I'm Colonel Taylor."

"No!"

"Him and nobody else. You've been lighting into me like wildcats for a long time past, and I haven't been saying a word. I've got tired of it, however, and now it's got to stop!"

"My dear sir, the Colonel Taylor mentioned in—"

"Pull yer gun!" interrupted the Colonel as he pulled his.

"But, sir, I beg to assure you that—"

"Git down on yer knees!"

The editor slid off his chair, his face as pale as death, and his hair on end.

"Now eat that!"

The Colonel took from his pocket a lump of clay and tossed it on the floor, and he stood there with leveled pistol until the last crumb of it was devoured. Then he put up his weapon and turned to go saying:

"Next time you open on me I'll come in with a whole bag full of it, and I may conclude to drive the last of it in with a bullet! Go for the rest of 'em all you want to, but when you strike the name of Colonel Taylor, handle it with care!"

And inside of a week the affair leaked out, and so many men came in to lick the editor, and so many did lick him, that he jumped the plant one night and was never heard of again.—N. Y. Sun.

Extract.

FROM BISHOP BECKWITH'S MEMORIAL ADDRESS AT ATLANTA.

"No amount of human hatred has been able to point to a spot or a stain on the character of Jefferson Davis."

Whatever his judges may claim against him, it is true that when once he believed he was obeying the call of duty, no power short of the omnipotence of God could make him swerve from the path he had chosen.

"The past is too close for this generation to do him justice, but in the future a different verdict will be rendered, and future generations will look and know it to be true, that no more monumental character than that of Jefferson Davis ever existed. He is a model for the young men of the South. Absolutely pure, absolutely earnest and absolutely conscientious, he is as grand illustration of duty as can be found in the history of the world."

Never counting the cost of an action he considered right, because he brought his great life to the foot of the cross and took his inspiration from there.

"I think he was a greater man in the days of his misfortune than in the days of his prosperity. No power could ever wring from him the acknowledgment that the cause for which he struggled was not a just one. He was never grander than when he wore the shackles hanging to his wrists, and occupied a cell as a felon."

"Once I spoke to him of those days. The face so gentle and the smile so winning I saw transfused. He spoke no word, but the lines about his face grew deep."

"The color faded from his cheeks, and the light in his eyes grew hard. He was transformed into monumental iron, and though he uttered not a word, I had but to look at him to see a spirit which was master almost of death."

"Let us remember that as the future will honor Mr. Davis because he was pure, because he was brave, and because of his devotion to duty, so the future will inscribe our names on the book of life just as we are pure hearted and brave as he was."

"When Mr. Davis left public life and betook himself to the retirement and privacy of his home, no offers could bring him to alter his decision and accept either position or wealth. There in his home he sat apart, a simple gentleman, but the monumental representative of a cause that was lost. So age gathered about him while the watchers stood at a distance, admiring always, but unable to offer consolation. At last it of silence came a voice that whispered to him: 'The Master is come and calleth for thee.' Then the great spirit winged its way into the shadow of the valley of death and went to Paradise with God."

"Let us remember the example of his life. He was a child of God's church—the incarnation of principle and the greatest exponent of duty performed for duty's sake."

Schwahn's Neutralizer.

A revolution in the use of explosives is what is promised by Henry F. Schwahn, a German inventor living at 408 West Thirty-eighth-street, with a wife and eight little Schwahns. Absolute immunity from danger in manufacture and transportation is what he claims. Even explosive gelatine, or nitro-glycerine, the most dangerous substance known, he says he is able to neutralize so that it can be used in warfare.

The inventor invited a New York Times reporter to his home yesterday. The inventor gave him a seat beside the window, on the ledge of which was a small bottle.

"It is nitro-glycerine," he explained. "I keep it outside because it is too warm here. A temperature of 45° would explode it."

"Now," continued Mr. Schwahn, "I'll show you my secret." Before the reporter had time to run the inventor had thrown open the window and brought the half-ounce bottle of nitro-glycerine into the warm room. A temperature of 45° would explode it, he said, "but before it gets that warm I just mix it with twenty per cent. of this neutralizer, and now a child could play with it." As he spoke, he mixed the explosive with his "neutralizer." To show that his nitro-glycerine was "neutralized" he poured some of it into a saucer, and touched a lighted match to it. A blue flame arose, like that from burning alcohol, but there was no explosion.

"That," said the inventor, "is the secret I have discovered after fifteen years. Others have labored in vain to find a neutralizer for explosive gelatine and nitro-glycerine. I am ready to prove my ability to use it safely in high-power guns and projectiles of all kinds. But to neutralize it is only to render it harmless, and therefore useless. The other problem is to instantaneously restore its destructive power. I'll show you how that is done."

Taking a small quantity of the neutralized nitro-glycerine, he poured a little cold water upon it, and immediately the explosive and the neutralizer separated as does oil from water.

"The neutralization," he said, "has not weakened but strengthened the explosive. A nation that could use explosive gelatine in projectiles," continued the inventor, "would be invincible with a very small armament. Authorities on warfare agree that to discover a means of utilizing this terrible explosive would be to revolutionize warfare. Here is how I can apply my invention. I can fill an ordinary shell with it, neutralized with the substance I have just used. No concussion or heat would then explode it. Through the center of the shell will be a thin tube containing water. When the shell strikes, the water tube will be exploded by an ordinary shell cap, the released water will kill the neutralization, and the gelatine will explode as though it had never been neutralized."

"In a few days I have an appointment to show my invention, to a body of army and navy representatives."

Postage Stamps—How Prepared.

As soon as they emerge from the hydraulic press, postage stamps are gummed. The paste is made from clear starch, or rather its dextrine, which is acted upon chemically and then boiled, forming a clear, smooth, slightly sweet mixture. Each sheet of stamps is taken separately, placed upon a flat board, and its edges covered with a light metal frame. Then the paste is smeared on with a large whitewash brush, and the sheet is laid between two wire racks and placed on a pile with others to dry. Great care is taken in the manufacture of this paste, which is perfectly harmless. This gratifying fact has been conclusively proved by an analysis recently made by an eminent chemist. After the gumming, another pressing in the hydraulic press follows. Then another counting—in fact, stamps are counted no less than thirteen times during the process of manufacture. The sheets are then cut in half, each portion containing one hundred stamps, this being done by girls with ordinary hand shears. Next follows the perforation, which is performed by machinery. The perforations are first made in a perpendicular line, and afterwards in a horizontal line. Another pressing follows—this time to get rid of the raised edges on the back of the stamps made by the dies, and this ends the manufacture. A separate apartment is devoted to the packing and sending off the stamps to the different postoffice. It will be seen by this account that any absurd rumor concerning the poisonous or unclean properties of postage stamps is utterly without foundation.—U. S. Mail.

Up in New York State, a white girl eighteen years old has recently married a negro.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a revival of trade at Klutz's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

A reservation in South Dakota is to be opened to settlers.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE IN THE WORLD FOR Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For Sale by Klutz & Co.

317.

ALL ABOUT EIDER-DOWN.

How the Eider Duck Makes Her Nest, and How It Is Robbed.

The Famous "Holms" on the Low Islands Off the Coast of Norway—How the Down Is Stolen by Professional Hunters of the Article.

The wonderfully soft and warm substance which we call eider-down, says L. B. Fletcher in the New York Home Journal, is produced by the eider duck, an inhabitant of the Arctic Ocean. It is proper to call these birds inhabitants of the ocean, for they pass the greater part of their lives far out at sea, only coming to land for a little while in spring for the purpose of laying and hatching their eggs.

They are very awkward on land, but are wonderful swimmers and divers, descending twelve fathoms below the surface of the water and remaining submerged as long as five minutes at a time. Their food consists principally of mollusks, which they pick up from the bed of the sea.

Their favorite laying places are certain small, low islands off the coast of Norway, which are called "eider-holms." The birds visit these islands in pairs, which present a striking contrast in appearance, the drakes being brilliantly colored in black, white and green, while the females are of a dull reddish brown, matching the color of the scanty vegetation so perfectly that a well practiced hunter could hardly discover them when they crouch down among the rocks.

On coming ashore the duck proceeds very deliberately to choose a place for a nest, while the drake follows and occasionally gives warning of real faned danger. The duck is very hard to suit, and it is not an unusual thing for her, after examining all likely spots, to go out doors, to march boldly into a house and coolly select what she considers a suitable place for her nest, such as the oven if it happens to be unoccupied at the time. The human inmates of the house welcome her gladly, supply her with food, and cheerfully submit to any small inconvenience like the temporary loss of their oven, for they know that their guest will pay a good price for her board and lodging. When the duck has selected a place she gathers grass and sticks and builds her nest. Then she plucks the soft down from her breast and makes a wonderful mat, which not only covers the bottom of the nest but rises so far above the ground that it can be folded over the eggs when the drake leaves the nest in search of food.

When the six or eight eggs are laid they are seized, together with the valuable eider-down mat, by the people of the house, and the duck goes off in sorrow to her mate, who awaits her on the shore, as his courage never rises to such a pitch as to lead him into the house.

The duck, somewhat wiser than before, proceeds to build another nest out of doors, and as her own down feathers are exhausted she calmly plucks the drake's breast as bare as her own. After this outrageous treatment he goes off in disgust and rejoins his compatriots at sea. The time the duck is allowed to hatch her brood, without human interference. But whenever she leaves the nest two or three eggs are liable to be stolen by some other duck who has a nest near by. The marauder carefully folds the down coverlet over the robbed nest again and in this way the eggs are changed about so that a duck may finally hatch out a brood containing not a single one of her own offspring. As soon as the ducklings are all hatched out the mother or foster-mother, if undisturbed, endeavors to lead her flock to the shore.

This march to the sea is to the ducklings what the march to the sea is to human infants, the most "trying" time of their lives, for they are exposed to the attacks of birds of prey and other enemies. Usually the islanders interfere again at this point, but now their interference benefits the ducks as well as themselves. They gather the down and carry the ducklings in baskets to the shore, the old duck following them very contentedly.

When the shore is reached the baskets are emptied into the water. The old ducks plunge in, and after a good deal of commotion swim out to sea, each followed by a flock of ducklings, some of which she has never seen before.

The duck does not always make her first nest in a house, and if it first nest is not disturbed she will simply hatch her brood and put to sea with them, and the drake will not be robbed of his feathers. But the islanders are very watchful, and the first nest rarely escapes, no matter where it is built.

Sometimes the duck's down is sufficient to supply the second nest, and in this case the drake remains with his family. This nest is then robbed also, and the poor duck is forced to begin a third, with the help of the drake's down feathers. The rule among the eider-hunters is to rob every nest until the drake's feathers, which differ in color from those of the duck, appear among the down. When this occurs it is known that the pair will build no more that year, and so the eggs are allowed to hatch in order to preserve the species.

A single nest will furnish at least an ounce of down, which is worth on the spot about twenty-five cents of our money. As the birds visit the island in vast numbers the collection and sale of the down mats is an important source of income to the inhabitants.

Green-Haired Men in Nevada.

There is a curious effect wrought on the hair and beard of men engaged in the Martin White mine at Ward. The ore is roasted, but no disagreeable perfumes arise from the heating process, yet there is some unknown substance that changes the hair, beard, and eyebrows as green as grass. The hair is not injured, but retains its softness and gloss. It is probable that fumes of the green tint of copper contained in the ore change the hair to that color.

Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

"Protracted meetings are not always held in church," remarked a Brooklyn swain as he left the house of his best girl at 1 a. m.

ALL ABOUT HARAKIRI.

How a Peculiar Mode of Self-Murder Is Performed.

What the Japanese Consider the Most Honorable Way of All Violent Deaths—An Effective Method of Settling All Sorts of Quarrels.

Harakiri, a peculiar mode of suicide, in the eyes of the nobility of Japan the most dignified and honorable way of all violent deaths, the only means of restoring honor, revenge, and impossibility, has seldom been witnessed by European or American eyes. As the word "harakiri" has crept into American politics, writes Albert de Lur, an explanation of its meaning in Japan may be of interest, and the reader can then judge if the adaptation of the word is allowable.

Harakiri is now and over has been condemned by the Japanese, as the deed of a vulgar and ignominious man, the uncertainty of its results was considered too hazardous to the settlement of its cause. For ages it has been the custom in Japan when a Samurai considered himself insulted by one equal in rank, that the injured party should proceed to his home, call together his family and friends, inform them of the insult suffered, and then, in the presence of all, to perform a day upon which he would revenge himself and restore the family honor, injured by the words or acts of his opponent, by committing "harakiri."

In the first place a rope over two inches thick, made out of the tendrils of the lotus flower, was constructed by the unmarried female members of the family and closely drawn around the house, it being the popular belief that objectionable spirits could thereby be prevented from entering during the ceremony and carrying away the soul of the suicide.

The chamber in which the ceremony was to take place was hung with yellow silk or orange, the sunlight carefully excluded, the only illumination allowed being that furnished by the overhanging light burners, which were placed about two feet from the northern wall of the chamber. A foot-high platform, about three feet long by two feet broad, was placed in the center of the room, covered with white crapes, and the kahana (ordinary sword) of the master of the household laid unscabbarded upon the platform, its point wrapped in a yellow hill. On each corner of the platform was placed a small saucer filled with scented oil in which a wick was burning.

The family and friends of the noble to commit suicide entered the room led by a priest, the latter bearing in his hands a full blooming lotus flower, which he deposited across the sword lying upon the platform, and the guests and the sword seats around the room. The nobleman then entered, dressed in pure white garments with a yellow-colored scarf encircling his body and carrying in his hand a little saucer in which burned a wick lighted previously from the everlasting light in front of the family god.

Behind him came his eldest son, if over five years of age—if not, his nearest relative, dressed in a white kimono, a dagger-like weapon nine and one-half inches long and obliquely cut on the left side. The blade of this lancet-looking weapon was wrapped in yellow crapes, a lotus flower being placed upon its hilt. It generally was a heirloom of the family, and considered the most valuable article in its possession. It was the instrument with which harakiri was always committed. The person to commit this act would then kneel upon the platform with his face toward the north and the wakizashi placed before him. The priest would take the lotus flower from the Japanese sword and cut the leaves in front of the suicide, and the kneeling man. After blessing him in this manner the lights in the corner lanterns were blown out by the priest and the light carried by the suicide extinguished by his son or nearest relative, and the time for the final act had come.

After recounting in a solemn voice the insult suffered by him from his enemy he inserted the point of the wakizashi into his stomach above the right hip-bone and drew it across until within four or five inches of his left hip-bone. At the moment he inserted the knife his next of kin would take the kahana (ordinary sword) and with a swift blow sever the head of the suicide from the trunk. In every case of this description when harakiri was committed in defense of insulted honor, the insulting party was informed by the family of the suicide of the act performed, by sending to him a sort of affidavit of the next of kin of the deceased written upon yellow paper wrapped in the leaves of the lotus flower, and if that gentleman would not consent to a duel, and if for some reason with honorable men, he would then commit harakiri in a somewhat similar manner. The trouble would thus be settled and no further enmity would exist between the families of the parties interested. A non-compliance, however, with this time-honored custom of Japan on the part of the person who gave the insult has never been heard of, it is said, in that country.

The Dog Knew the Voice.

A gentleman employed at a colliery a few miles from Glasgow had a dog called Jimmy, which he parted with to a friend at a colliery some miles distant. The two officers were connected by telephone, and the other morning the gentleman rang up his friend and asked how Jimmy was doing. "O, he's fine," was the answer. "He's at my feet just now. I'll hold him up and see if he knows your voice." This was done, and the former owner shouted over the wire: "Hello, Jimmy!" Jimmy made no sign of recognition, but on being set down again he at once made for the door, and when his old master came home to dinner the dog was there to welcome him!

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IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL, FUSE, UNTIMELY, PROLAPSE, SUPPRESSED, IRREGULAR, AND MONTHLY MENSTRUATION.

IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE, IT WILL BRING ABOUT A NEW AND MORE REGULAR PERIOD.

BOOK TO WOMAN'S HEALTH.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

We do not see the Century, but we learn that its last number has an article headed "The Pursuit and Capture of Jefferson Davis," which is very offensive.

Mr. Davis is in his grave, and his traducers think they can fasten their lies upon him and there can be no response or defence. Such attempts to blacken his memory will recoil upon those concerned. The Boston Post says of it that it "may be regarded as definitive, as no more evidence is likely to come in. The same subject is necessarily treated in the last chapters of the Lincoln history, which is now brought to an end." Lying and false-swearing may satisfy that part of the country which would rather believe evil than good or cherish a lie rather than present the truth, but the men and women of the South know that all such attempts to blacken the memory of President Davis originate in hatred and malice and falsehood and are as false as Satan himself.—Wilmington Messenger.

A portion of the town of Plaius, Penn., has caved in, being situated over mines.

Saved From Consumption.

Several physicians predicted that Mr. Asa B. Rowley, Druggist, of Chicago, would soon have consumption caused by an aggravated case of Catarrh. Customers finally induced him to try CLARK'S EXTRACT OF FLAX (Papillon) CATARRH CURE. He says: "The result was unprecedented. I commenced to get well after the first application and am now, after a few weeks, entirely cured." It will do the same for you. Price \$1.00. Try Clark's Flax Soap for the skin and you will use no other. 25 cents. All of Clark's remedies are for sale by Jno. H. Enniss.

There is said to be great destitution in Greenville county, Va.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM.

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER.

A particle is applied to each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cts. at Druggists; by mail registered 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 25 N. ARCADE, NEW YORK.

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EMPIRE WATCH CLUB CO., 37 Park Row, NEW YORK.

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The A. S. CAMERON STEAM PUMP WORKS

FOOT OF EAST 23RD STREET NEW YORK.

Richmond & Danville Railroad.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE. IN EFFECT NOV. 24, 1888.

TRAINS RUN BY 75° MERIDIAN TIME

DAILY

SOUTHBOUND

| No. 50. | No. 52. |
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